

Hallelujah

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Summary: I heard there was a secret chord that David played and it pleased The Lord.

Hallelujah

\_I heard there was a secret chord\_

\_That David played and it pleased the Lord\_

\_But you don't really care for music, do you?\_

It was the same old story, the same old dance, but Heather was dancing. Heather was dancing, just as she always had. He was familiar, he was warm, he was hers.

Her shoulder blades slid along the fake linoleum flooring with each thrust of Mike's hips, she was keening softly, her breath hot against his ear. She knew from the moment he was inside her again, this was a path that would have been better not taken. Her heart ached, her body too, and she felt an all too familiar fury fluttering about in her chest.

"Jesus Christ, Heather," his words died in his throat after that, a series of groans that hit her right in the gut. He rocked his hips, moving deeper within her and she felt her own breath catch in her throat. Her hands clawed at his back, leaving angry red scratches against his pale skin. She felt like she was drowning, falling, dying, and she could all but grasp at the ghostly tendrils of reality as she came with a loud cry.

\_It goes like this\_

\_The fourth, the fifth,\_

\_The minor fall, the major lift\_

\_The baffled king composing Hallelujah\_

\_Your faith was strong, but you needed proof\_

\_You saw her bathing on the roof\_

\_Her beauty in the moonlight over threw you\_

She couldn't breathe as Mike rolled off of her, laying on his back on the kitchen floor. His left hand moved to his chest as he tried to steady himself and she saw the flash of gold. He had his wedding band on again. Again... still? She felt her heart stop for the briefest of moments and suddenly she felt like she was going to be sick.

He'd blamed it all on her then, throwing the papers to the floor and pushing her up against the bathroom wall. She'd fallen heart-first again, entirely too tangled up in him to protest. She'd kissed him and answered his every "I love you" as he pleaded with her. He'd gripped her hips so hard, his hands leaving bruises that stayed for weeks, his ring an angry purple reminder on her right hip. Later she'd screamed at him, her throat raw and her eyes red, until he'd stormed out in a rage.

\_She tied you to a kitchen chair\_

\_She broke your throne and she cut your hair\_

\_And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah\_

\_Baby, I've been here before\_

\_I know this room, I've walked this floor\_

\_I used to live alone before I knew you\_

She slept with her back facing him, and he reached out to her, his hand splayed across her back. She was cold, her back prickled with gooseflesh and he drew the blankets up over her slender form. She mumbled a thank you, shrugging his hand off and inching away. He tried to turn away, but for as many times as he'd turned his back on her before, the ache in his heart kept him steady. He reached around her, his arm tight around her middle as he pulled her flush against him. She fought, weakly in her sleep-induced delirium, but she gave in, settling against his chest.

\_I've seen your flag on the marble arch\_

\_Love is not a victory march\_

\_It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah\_

\_There was a time when you let me know\_

\_What's really going on below,\_

\_But now you never show that to me, do you?\_

She found him on the back porch, a cigarette hanging from his lips, and she reached up with a slender arm. "I thought you quit."

"I did," was his simple reply as he stared out into the alley.

She took the cigarette between her fingers, bringing it to her own lips, "Yeah, so did I."

"Before Mikey was born."

She took a slow drag, nodding her head as she watched him. His eyes were so haunted, they hadn't always been. "Yeah," she exhaled a cloud of smoke, turning out to the alley, wanting so badly to see what he saw.

"I remember," he leaned against the house, his head tilted skyward, looking at anything but her.

"What?" she pressed, taking another drag and crossing an arm over her chest.

"The way you were," he took the cigarette back. "You shouldn't smoke."

"Neither should you," she retorted, pulling her sweater closed. "I remember the way you were too," she kicked some snow off the porch.

"Yeah," he shuffled his feet a little, turning his head to look at her.

It was almost as if he couldn't see her, or as if he wasn't even looking at her. She startled at first, an hour ago it was like he saw nothing but her, but this was even more familiar. "Where do you go, Mike?"

"What is that supposed to mean?" he almost looked offended.

"You're not here. You're here with me, but you're not. Not really."

He shrugged, reaching out to wrap an arm around her, "Heather, you're shivering."

She shrugged in response, "It's cold."

They made love again, later, as the sun came up, streaming through the windows of the home they used to share. She'd rearranged, he'd noticed, but as he looked down at her, the sun shining brightly over her dark eyes and her hair fanned out around her head like a halo, it was almost as if nothing had changed.

She was quiet this time, stifling her cries and digging her heels into the mattress, and he took the time to kiss her. His lips moved over her cheeks, her lips, and she looked like she was fighting. Her eyes were screwed shut, her body tense beneath him, and if she hadn't begged him to continue, he would have stopped. She looked the way she had the night before she'd served him the divorce papers. And had he asked, she'd have said she felt it too.

When he was so god damned gentle, his lips barely skimming her soft skin, it was all she could do to keep her chest from heaving with sobs and words unspoken.

She didn't come, he knew she wouldn't, and when he was finished, he cupped her cheek, running his thumb along her cheekbone.

"Heather."

She shook her head, "Kiss me."

So he did, slow and sweet, until he felt her cant her hips towards his again. He moved slowly, feeling her relax against him with each gentle push of his hips. She was moaning again, soft breathy moans that nearly hiccuped in her chest. She was beautiful, her back arching off the bed as she came, a shuddering whisper of her breath against his lips, "Jesus."

\_And remember when I moved in you?\_

\_The holy dove was moving too.\_

\_And every breath we drew was Hallelujah.\_

\_Maybe there's a God above\_

\_But all I ever learned from love\_

\_Was how to shoot at somebody who outdrew you\_

She slept curled into him this time, her head tucked under his chin. His eyes barely closed until the clock read 7 AM. She slept fitfully, occasionally pummeling his chest with her fists, her legs kicking about wildly. He held her close each time as she whimpered in her sleep.

But at 7:15, he knew he couldn't stay. He carefully disentangled himself, stroking her hair when she woke.

"I'll be right back, Heather," he murmured, pressing a gentle kiss to her temple as he slid from their, no, \_her\_ bed.

She closed her eyes again, mumbling something unintelligible as she fell asleep again.

He moved quietly around the house, cleaning up the mess they'd made earlier, and gathering his things. Save for a photo of him and Mikey, it was as if he'd never lived there. She'd changed anything she could. It was then he understood.

\_It's not a cry you can hear at night\_

\_It's not somebody who's seen the light\_

\_It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah\_

\_You say I took the name in vain\_

\_I don't even know the name\_

\_But, if I did, well, really, what's it to you?\_

He drove until his eyelids drooped with exhaustion. She wasn't his, she'd never be his. For all the ways her heart ached for him, she'd never have him back. Heather was stronger than he'd ever be, he knew that much from the moment he'd looked into those deep green eyes. When they were younger, he knew he could make her proud, he knew he loved her.

She'd looked at him so adoringly, every moment, every god damned moment of every god damned day, and he hoped she had seen that in his own eyes too. He had been so earnest, so filled with the need to provide for her, to love her. He could barely remember what it felt like to feel so full, so purposeful.

Her eyes had been so full of wonder. Had he taken that away from her? No, he couldn't have. That would be giving himself entirely too much credit. Before him, she lived, she would live after. Even tonight, she still looked up at him with those big eyes, and he knew she was searching for what he'd lost. The world lived in those sparkling depths still.

He hoped she'd heard him. Every time. And he knew she heard him still.

\_There's a blaze of light in every word\_

\_It doesn't matter which you heard\_

\_The holy or the broken Hallelujah\_

\_I did my best, but it wasn't much\_

\_I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch\_

\_I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool you\_

He was gone when she woke up. The house was too still, she knew in an instant. The bed felt empty again, too big, a void that couldn't be filled by Rory, or god knows who else, was big and glaring as she sat up in the morning light.

Mike would never be hers. He never was. There was always something else calling him from her side. She had hoped a baby would change things, and it did, but not enough. Sometimes she wondered what it was really about, why she fell in love with him to begin with. He always made her laugh, filling the silences with the twinkling sound of her laughter. But soon enough, that was lost. It was quiet, everywhere, and it made her ache.

She didn't bother to read the note on the kitchen table. It would be the same as it always was. Her heart was splintered, her eyes burned, and as familiar and warm as her ex-husband's arms had been, they were not as reliable and strong as her own. They were as separate as they had been a week before, and to be alone with someone else is even lonelier.

She remembered the way he looked at her, when they had been engaged. He looked at her like there was nothing else in the world, like her own answering smiles were his source of life. He had promised, he had promised to be hers. He had been so earnest, but his eyes were no longer bright, his smile never reached them. His hands were clenched

into fists at his sides and his shoulders hunched forward in defeat. His jaw was set in an angry harsh contrast to... to what? His eyes had lost their beauty, he couldn't see. He couldn't see her, he could barely see their child, he was just as lost as she.

\_And even though it all went wrong\_

\_I'll stand before the lord of song\_

\_With nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah.\_

\_Hallelujah.\_

End  
file.